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THE
JESUITS Ghost;

WITH THE
P R A Y E R
OF THE

Turkish Monarch

To CHRIST;

Through which he obtain'd a Mighty Victory
AGAINST THE

PAPISTS

At the Field of V A R N A.

Occasioned by Their

Wicked Perjury

In Breaking the League they had so Solemnly
Sworn to keep.

With suitable Remarks Extracted from the
TURKISH-HISTORY.

Scientia non habet Inimicum, preter Ignorantiam.

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The JESUIT'S GHOST.

FROM restless shades, my trembling *ghost* ascends
 To visit Earth and some peculiar Friends,
 Now all things are at rest and quiet found,
 I only rise and walk the silent round,
 In this Dark moment I'll the matter end ;
 For which the Bull does with the *Test* contend ;
 And *Rome's* Religion from the open root,
 Whose branches flourish with Forbidden Fruit ;
 And such as put e'v'n Heaven to the Blush,
 Who does their Actions with just anger crush.
 Can they with great Omnipotence prevail
 Who daily Vows with Bloody Victims Seal?
 Or he be President, to such as have
 So many hundred back-ways to the Grave?
 To kill an Heretick, they count no more,
 Than to Debauch, and then Absolve a Whore.
 Tho' what's expected but a Tyburn Rod,
 From greedy Priests that Eat and Drink their God
 In Massacres their cruel Rage out-flies
 Soft'ning Tears of beauteous Virgins Eyes.
 Could they proceed in their inhumane way,
 They'd turn the World into a *Golgotha* :
 * By Murder first the *Pope* assum'd his Throne,
 Since to what Rage is Superstition grown !

* Phocas, when he had, by the help of Boniface Bishop of Rome,
 murdered Marcius the Emperor and all his Children, and Seated him-
 self on the Throne, in requital for his assistance in so Barbarous a Murder,
 made Boniface Pope, then call'd Universal Bishop.



On his Dark Reign, Oppressions duely wait,
 Like Pestilential Air, to blast a State ;
 When Sword and Powder fails, than Fire must
 Lay splendid Cities level with the Dust :
 Of Perjury allow, and pardon too,
 So much detested by the *Turk* and *Jew* :
 But *Varna* sure might silence this blind work,
 When Christ gave that great Battle to the *Turk*.
 The spacious field with Popish blood was dy'd,
 And Conquering *Am'rath* did in Triumph Ride,
 Whilst Heav'n stood neuter, the *Hungarian* Sword
 Victorious grew, but the high-injur'd Lord,
 Viewing the League the perjur'd *Romans* broke,
 Grew pale with anger at the Impious Work.
 Condemn'd the crime and they receiv'd their doom
 From the rough Sons of the loud Cannons Womb
 But these are Meritorious Acts in them,
 Yet what themselves in others do Condemn :
 Their Giddy Zeal consists in bits of Wood,
 * On Crosses, Nails, and Reliques of the good :
 In fine and costly Robes, in gaudy paint,
 To deck and beautifie the Idol Saint :
 In Gilded Temples, Incense, rich Perfume,
 As if this World was the *Elizium*.

* The Cross of Christ was carried by one Man at first, and in all the Abbys, Monasteries and Cells, &c. there are so many pieces of it, as, if they were Solid, would build a Ship of 1000 Tun. 3 Nails were only used in the Crucifying our blessed Saviour, yet they produce as many Nails as are needful in the Building such a Ship.

So dazling Light delude the silly Fly,
 Who hov'ring, courts the flame until it dye :
 But I, in vain, these Fallacies deplore,
 Beyond the Grave Repentance hath no pow'r :
 Were I to Live again, I'd then extol
 That part of Heav'nly breath, the precious Soul,
 And all my pious thoughts with Heav'n engage,
 And shun the flashy Priest-craft of the Age ;
 Which, just like Bubbles, bore up by the Air,
 Look beautiful and break, then dis-appear.

This daring Nation when we'd thought to bring
 To *Romes* Obedience, as an Offering,
 We and the angry Dame in Council sate,
 As if we wou'd unweave the Lume of Fate :
 The *Cyclops* when for mighty *Jove* they wrought,
 Was not so toil'd and full of various thought ;
 Then all our minutes busie were, and we
 To Hellish Stratagems gave Liberty :
 Perfidious *Petres* with a Fawning Smile,
 Said, Heaven decrees for us this wealthy Isle ;
 Than for the promis'd Land he boldly prest,
 Cry'd out, 'tis time, 'tis time we were posselt ;
 Post on he rid through fiery Zeal pretends,
 Gold was his Guide, at Hell his Journey ends ;
 So smooth to his kind Prince he made the way,
 He little thought rank Treason in it lay,
 But Traytors, like false Coin, do fair appear
 To all mens eyes but the Discoverer.

Seduc'd

Seduc'd the King his Nobles to decline,
 Who are the Light by which all *Monarchs* shine ;
 None but false Stones, no, not one *Glorious Gem*,
 Was left to sparkle in his Diadem.
 The *Test* and *Penal-Laws* we must have down,
 And not, one Man of *Sence* must wear a Gown :
 Thus to our tickling *Magick* we gave way,
 Till we rais'd Spirits that we could not lay ;
 Just as the *Devil* did the Project Start,
 In our *Cabal* we had his Counterpart :
 Famous for Bawling, and suspected Wife,
 Tho' one grain of *Sence* is worth a pound of *Noise* :
 This precious Plant, so worthy to be prais'd,
 Upon *White-Chappel* Dunghill first was rais'd :
 Yet was the third great Engineer of State,
 Pick'd out to ruine the *Immaculate*
 And *Divine Church*, that like a timely Spring,
 Raises from Darknes every Living thing :
 By Lawless Pow'r he strove to Undermine,
 But Heav'n still frustrated his damn'd Design,
 Resenting that to their Defame alone,
 For what's the *Casket* when the *Jewel's* gone ?
 E'en in the Nick of time Heav'n gave the word :
 As *Isaac's* Angels stopt his Fathers Sword,
 So the *Prophetick Frost* did subject bring
 To its Chill Scepter, every humid thing.
 All Bodies fast in that *Cold Chain* were bound,
 No Spring to Murmur, lest 'twas under Ground ;

But

But in a trice Dissolv'd this Tyants Pow'r,
 Whose Ruins flourish in his Conquerour.
 And you who for Eternal Blessings call,
 Look up, Repent, make no Demur at all,
 But to the Sacred Church Obedient be,
 Heavens bright Cealing is their *Canopie*.
 In threat'ning Storms their Pious Lustre shew'd
 Like Stars that Glitter through a Gloomy Cloud
 But *Rome's* blind Zeal depends on *Beads* and *Toys*
 Impious Nacks, more fit for Apish Boys
 Than means to compass Everlasting Joys.

Hark! *Pluto* calls, the *Stygian* Furies quake,
 The Guilty Howl in that *Sulphureous* Lake;
 I must descend to his Imperial Throne,
 Yet when I'm there, he's Jealous of his Crown.

The Breaking of the LEAGUE.

A League being made for Ten Years between Amurath, Sixth King of the Turks, and Uladisslaus, King of Hungaria: one Swearing upon the Holy Evangelists, the other upon the Alcoran. Amurath departed with his Army against Scanderbeg: not long after, the Hungarian Clergy finding an advantage in the Turks absence; Julian the Cardinal, and the rest of his Hopeful Brethren, perswadeth King Uladisslaus to break the League, telling him, Nothing could be more fond or inconsiderate, than in their Consultation to have regard to their Private profit only, and not to the Publick, without respect of Religion, Honesty, or Conscience, &c. Thus getting the consent of the King, the Cardinal Absolved him; who after March'd with a very great Army into the Turks Dominion. Huniades being General, which Amurath hearing of, prepared to meet 'em, and the Armies Engaged at the Field of Varna, where there was a Bloody and desperate Battle Fought, in which the Christians had the best for the most part of the Day; so that Amurath thought of nothing but Flight; and seeing the Christian Ensigns Displayed with the Crucifix, pluckt the Wainings out of his Bosom, wherein the late League was Comprised, and holding it up in his Hand, with his Eyes cast up to Heaven, said:

Behold! thou Crucified Christ, this is the League the Christians, in thy Name, made with me; which they have, without Cause, Violated: Now, if thou be a God, as they say thou art, and as we Dream, Revenge the Wrong done unto thy Name, and shew, and shew the Power upon thy Perjured People, who in their Deeds, deny thee, their God.

No sooner had Amurath ended his Prayer, but the Battle turn'd, and the Christians were Totally Routed; Uladisslaus kill'd, Huniades fled, Julian the Cardinal, the Bishop of Veradiun, and the Bishop of Agria, with most of the Clergy, all slain; who were the only Authors of that unjust War: And for all the King of Hungaria broke the League, and Invaded Amurath, yet he, by reason of his Oath, resigned his Kingdom up to his Son, of which you may see more at Large in the Reign of Amurath, Pag. 275.

FINIS.

